RIP OFF comix

NO. 24

RIP OFF PRESS

NOT FOR CHILDREN

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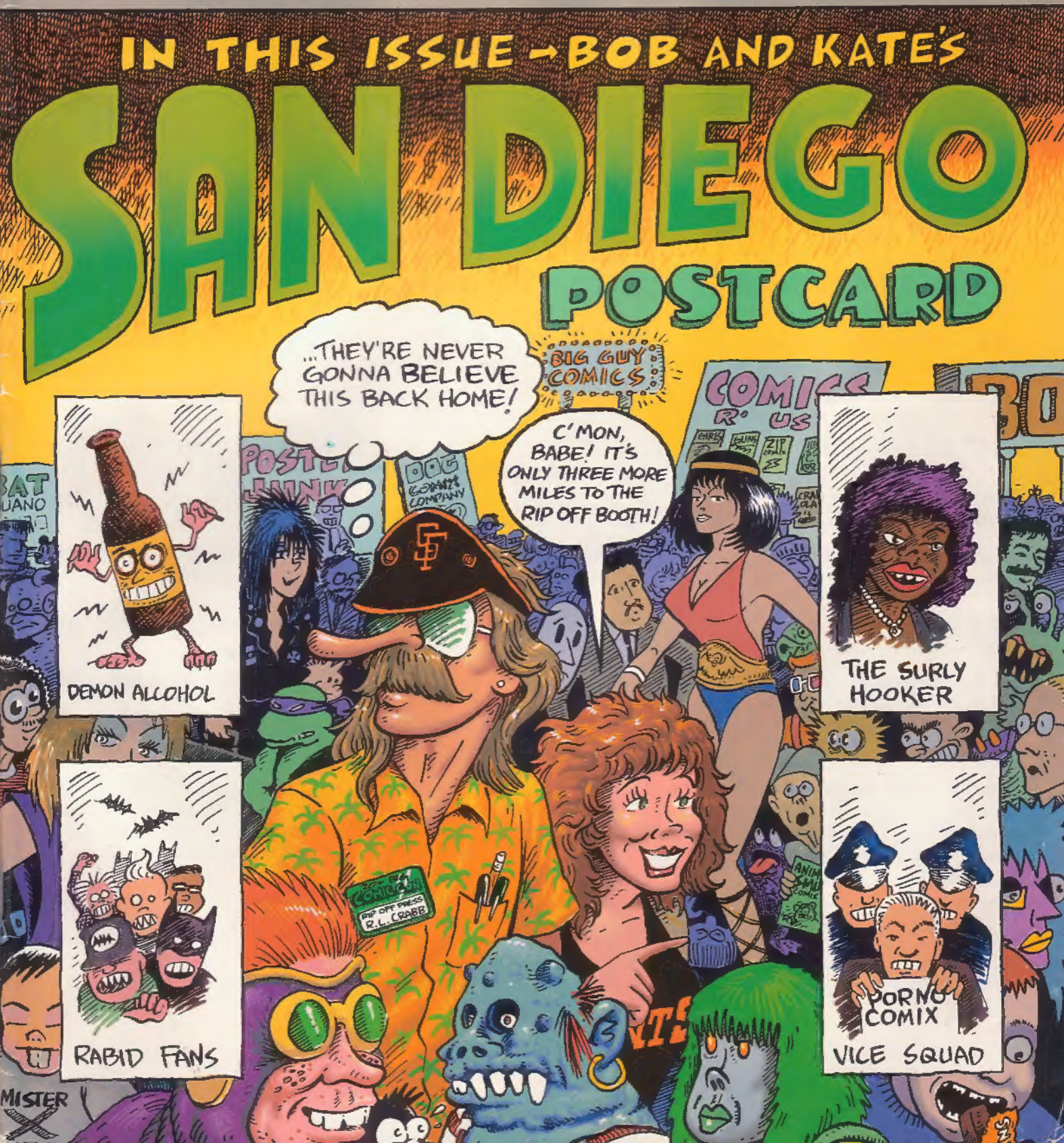

RIP OFF COMIX

No. 24 Fall 1989

THIS ISSUE we have a big showing from the California Cartoon Contingent. You'll read about Bonzo in L.A., Slugs in Encinitas, Acid in Disneyland and of course the recent San Diego Comic Con. We also have talk show hosts, vampires, ghosts, hookers and Fat Freddy's Cat! And some good feedback from the readers this time—see the inside back cover.

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DEAR Larry
THANK YOU FOR YOUR CONTRIBUTION, Myron the Madagascan Hissing Cockroach. UNFORTU WE FEEL THAT THIS NOT UP TO OUR LE OF QUALITY.
SUBMISS UNFORTU WE FEEL IT IS NOT UP OUR STANDA OF QUALITY
ENT SUBMI DOES NOT MA OUR PRESENT NE BEST OF LUX THE FUTURE. SINC
ARRRRRR
THEY JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND! MYRON THE MADAGASCAN HISSING COCKROACH HAS SOMETHING TO SAY!
HE'S A BRUTAL COMMENTATOR FOR THE 90'S!
I WANT TO CREATE ART!
NOT CHURN OUT SOMETHING TO SLAP ON LUNCHBOXES!
SIGH
CLICK
!
A COCKROACH PHILOSOPHER, LARRY? NOBODY WANTS THAT SORT OF THING.
TOO HARD TO GRASP!
GIVE 'EM CUTE!
...AND DON'T KNOCK LUNCHBOXES... KIDS GOTTA EAT!
A VISIT FROM UNCLE WALT
©1989 CHRIS HARMON

WAH...DIZ... WAH...WAH...
NO LAST NAMES, OKAY? WE DON'T WANT ANY LEGAL PROBLEMS!
WHA....
JUST CALL ME "UNCLE WALT"
YOU NEED TO CHEER UP, KID.. YOU MODERN CARTOONISTS ARE TOO TOO..... SERIOUS!
BUT THAT'S HOW THINGS ARE THESE DAYS ...IT'S... IT'S ..SOPHISTICATED!
IT'S OUR SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITY!
NONSENSE! IT'S DEPRESSING!
STEP OVER HERE, I'LL SHOW YOU SOMETHING!
HOLD ON THERE, SON, WE NEED THAT FRONT SEAT!
MORRIE! IT'S HIM! THEY THAWED HIM OUT!
WHA.?
?

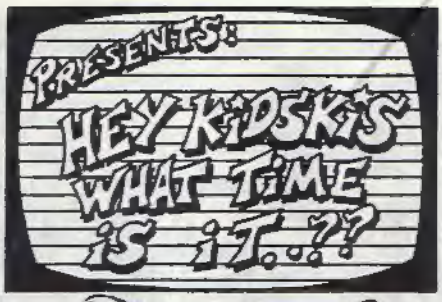
WATCH YOUR HEAD!
NOW, YOU'D BEST JUST WATCH, LARRY!
WATCH WHAT?
URGG...
CLANK
EXIT
WELCOME, EVERYONE, TO LIFE OF LARRY!
EVERYONE PLEASE KEEP YOUR HANDS INSIDE THE BOAT AT ALL TIMES, NO SMOKING, EATING, DRINKING, TALKING, AND
NO FLASH PHOTOGRAPHY!
BEGINNING THE STORY OF LARRY AT THE BEGINNING, HERE WE WITNESS HIS BIRTH!
WAAAAH
OH, GREAT!
RECREATED HERE AS STATE-OF-THE-ART DISNEY AUDIO ANIMATRONICS®!
IT WAS SO AMAZINGLY LIFELIKE!
LOOK! IF YOU TURN AROUND, YOU CAN SEE THE BABY GO BACK IN THE MOMMY!
EEK.
EEK.
EEK EEK.
AS WE CONTINUE, THE FIRST EXCITING EVENT IN LARRY'S LIFE BEGAN WITH A HORRIBLE GAS EXPLOSION IN THE GIRL'S LOCKER ROOM OF HIS HIGH SCHOOL!
EEK.
OH MY!
?
214

WATER BOY
BUT LARRY, THE TEAM WATERBOY ACTED QUICKLY AND DOUSED THE FLAMES, BECOMING A HERO AND VERY POPULAR AT SCHOOL!
NO... NO!
UNCLE WALT, THIS IS BOGUS!
I NEVER DID ANYTHING IN HIGH SCHOOL! I WAS A SCHLUB AND THEY ALL HATED ME!
WHO CARES? PEOPLE DIDN'T STAND IN LINE TO SEE THE TRUTH! THEY WANT ESCAPE!
THEY WANT MAGIC!
IT'S EASY! FORGET ABOUT SOCIAL CONSCIENCE AND RELEVANCE! YUCK!
HAPPINESS BELONGS TO THE SHALLOW AND MATERIALISTIC! GO AROUND CONCERNED ABOUT EVERYTHING AND ALL YOU'LL GET IS AN ULCER!
NO... NO... NO...

ENOUGH!
KA-CHINK
WARRCHUNK!
CREEAK
SWOOSH!
OH MY GOD!!
SLAP
UH OH
AT LAST! THE TRUTH!
NO!
NO! NO! YOU IDIOT! DONT JUMP!
SORRY FOR THE CONFUSION, SON... LET'S TURN THIS THING AROUND!
YES, SIR!
AIIE

LARRY... IT'S OVER... WE'RE BACK ON COURSE!
COME ON...
PEEKABOO!
LOOK... A HAPPY ENDING!
HI, FOLKS!
...AND SO, LARRY WENT ON TO BECOME THE FATHER OF BILLY BUG, THE BELOVED AND ENORMOUSLY SUCCESSFUL CARTOON SENSATION!
SEE? YOUR BUG THING WAS OKAY ...JUST NEEDED WORK!
I GUESS HE'S KINDA CUTE...
WELL THAT WAS FUN, UNCLE WALT.. WHAT DO WE RIDE NEXT?
WE? NOTHING!
YOU STAY HERE AND DRAW BILLY BUG ...FOREVER!
BYE NOW... AND DON'T FORGET TO SEND FOR YOUR BILLY BUG® MERCHANDISE CATALOG!

UNCLE JOE'S COMMIE STRIP


PRESENTS:
HEY KIDSKIS WHAT TIME IS IT..??

THAT'S RIGHT... IT'S
HOMOY-VAN TIME!

GREETINKS TO KOMRAD READERS IN THEIR HEROIC STRUGGLE AGAINST THE SHACKLES UF IMPERIALISTIC WAR MONGERINK KAPITALIST DUPLICITY..!?
ALLOWINK ME TO INTRODUCE COMMISSAR SVELT SVETLANA, KOMRAD PUPPET CASTRO BOY AND...
S'ALLRIGHT!

OUR LEADER UF ALL SOCIALIST ELFS, UNCLE JOE...
GASP
UNCLE JOE, WHAT IS HAPPENINK T-TO YOUR EARS..??

THESE,..?? THEY HURT..!
TELLINK ME AGAIN, WHY I AM WEARINK POINTY RUBBER EARS..??
BECAUSE DECADENT KAPITALISTS ARE LOVINK US AS CUTE LEEDLE SOCIALIST ELFS...
WHICH ARE AIDINK US IN INDOCTRINATINK THEM IN LIGHT UF TRUE MARXIST DIALECTIC...

I AM FINDINK THAT HARD TO BELIEVE..!
HARD TO BELIEVE ??? YOU MEAN THAT AMERIKANSKIS ARE LOVINK US AS SOCIALIST ELFS ???
NYET! THAT ANYONE IS LIKINK ELFS... PERIOD!

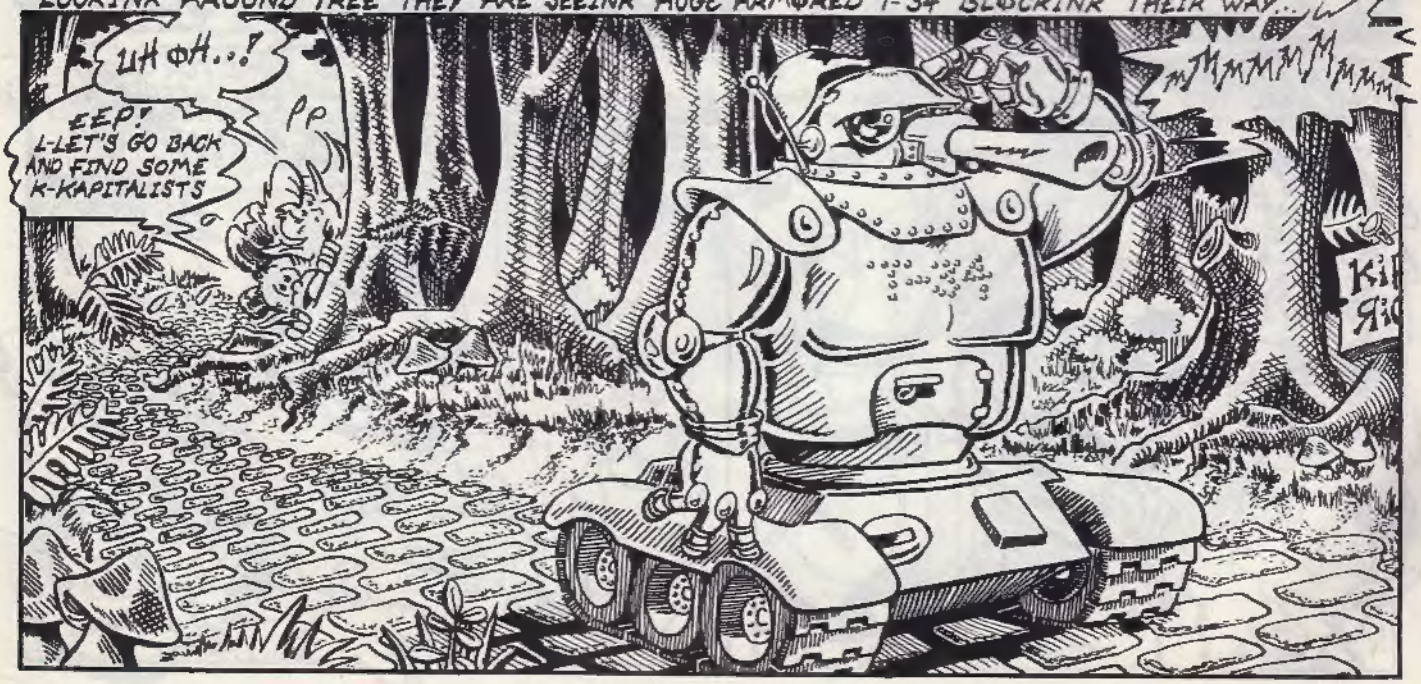
NEVER THE LESS,.. IS TIME FOR STORY... IF YOU ARE RECALLINK, IS ONE I CALL "LEEDLE RED ROOSKY HOOD"... IS ALL ABOUT COMMISSAR SVELT SVETLANA BACK DURINK GREAT PATRIOTIC WAR WHEN SHE WAS JEEST A LEEDLE ELFSKI...
S'ALLRIGHT!

IT ALL STARTS, ONCE UPON A TIME, WAY BACK IN 1941, LEEDLE SVETLANA IS BRINGINK BASKET OF SPUDSKIS TO HER DEAR OLD GRANDMA'MA WHO DIGGINK TRENCHS WAS AT STALINGRAD,..WHEN SUDDENLY SHE IS MEETINK ...

AND SO SHE AND HOWDY IVAN ARE CONTINUINK DOWN RED TCHCKA ROAD INTO DIP DANK WOODSKI WHICH ARE FULL OF ...

WHEN UNEXPECTEDLY THEY ARE HEARINK..

LOOKINK AROUND TREE THEY ARE SEEINK HUGE ARMORED T-34 BLOCKINK THEIR WAY...



WAIT... IS NYET TO WORRY..! IS SOUNDINK LIKE LOYAL SOCIALIST MACHINE TO ME..
HANDINK ME HAMMER IN BASKET...
HAMMER?
BWANG BWANG BWANG
DA... I AM USINK IT TO APPLY DIALETIC!
THANK YOU OH KOMRADS! YOU HAVE UNJAMMED MY BRAIN GEAR! YOU SEE, I WAS ON MY WAY TO STALINGRAD, ROLLINK DOWN RED TCHECKA ROAD WHEN SUDDENLY I AM SEEINK SIGN ON TREE..
AS TRUE BOLSHEVIC MACHINE BUILT BY HEROIC SOCIALIST WORKERS, I AM OF COURSE OBEYINK ALL ORDERS...
YET, HOW CAN I, A LOYAL LEFTIST, "KIPP RIGHT"..?? IS CONFLICT OF IMPERATIFFS HAS FROZEN MY BRAIN PAN..!
KIPP RIGHT
IS SIMPLE KOMRAD T-34... YOU MUST APPLY MARXIST-LENINIST DIALECTIC TO RESOLVE HISTORIC CONTRADICTION!
BUT OF COURSE..! WHY AM I NYET SEEINK THAT BIFFORE?!?
KIP
AND SO T-34 IS MOST GRATEFUL AND IS DETERMININK TO ACCOMPANY THEM DOWN...
FOLLOW THE RED TCHEKA ROAD...
FOLLOW THE RED TCHEKA ROAD..
FOLLOW THE... OH OH..!
IS MYSTERIOUS NOISE.. IS PERHAPS DECADENT KAPITALISTS COUNTINK PROFFITS PLUNDERED FROM WORKINK CLASSES..?
IS PERHAPS TREACHEROUS COUNTER REVOLUTIONARY TZARISTS LURKINK IN AMBUSH..?
IS PERHAPS WAR MONGERINK FASCIST INVADERS..??

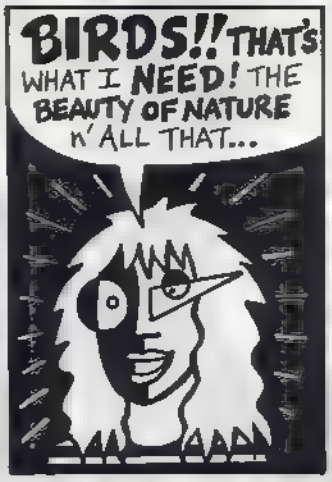
IS PERHAPS COMINK FROM OVER THERE..?
GRRRR
SOB
SNIFFLE
GROW
SNIF
GRRUCK
PEEKINK THROUGH BUSHES, THEY ARE SEEINK...
LOOK, IS K.G. BEAR
YIKE!
WHO?
WHO'S ON FIRST...
SOB
DA IS TRUE..! I PLEAD GUILTY TO ALL CHARGES..! IN NAME OF MOTHER RUSSIA SHOOT ME..!
BUT KOMRAD K.G. BEAR WE ARE NYET WANTINK TO SHOOTS YOU..!
WE AREN'T?
NO NO..!! YOU DO NYET SOB UNDERSTAND..! AS MEMBER OF SECRET POLICE IS SWORN DUTY TO INFORMINK ON ALL AND EFERYONE...EVEN FRIENDS..! BUT I AM HAVINK NO FRIENDS..!! AM ALL ALONE HERE IN DIP DANK WOODS WHERE ONLY ONE TO INFORMINK ON IS ME..!
"WHO'S ON FIRST..." HEH, NOW I GET IT... IS JOKE YES..?
POOO! I COULD USE A NEW COAT..!
THERE THERE... IS HOKAY KOMRAD K.G. BEAR... WE'LL BE YOUR FRIENDS, YOU CAN INFORMINK ON US...

LOOK! LOOK!!! SEE, I AM EVEN STAYINK UP ALL NIGHT TO INFORM ON MYSELF IN CASE I AM PLOTTINK IN MY SLEEP... BUT WHEN I AWAKE IS NOTHING ON PAPER..!!
IS SHEER PROOF!!! I MUST BE DANGEROUS ANTI-BOLSHEVIK!! WHY ELSE WOULD I BE HIDINK THIS FROM MYSELF..???
BUT IS SIMPLE KOMRAD K.G.BEAR... MUST APPLY MARXIST-LENINIST DIALECTIC TO RESOLVE HISTORIC CONTRADICTION...
YOW
IS HOKAY NOW, IS NO NOTE BOOK... IS NO NONEVIDENCE TO CONVICT YOU... YOU ARE ABSOLVED BY PIPPLE'S TRIBUNAL...
THANK
YIKESKI!
DITTO!
HEE HEE HEEEEEEEEEE
SO YOU THINK YOU'VE WORKED OUT YOUR TRIFLING PROBLEMS DO YOU..??

GASP!
YES! IS I, TROTSKY! BETRAYER OF REVOLUTION..! AND WITH THE AID OF MY FASCIST ALLIES, THE NAZI-NINJA ELFS... WE WILL SUBVERT AND DESTROY YOUR BELOVED BOLSHEVISM..! RULE OF PROLETARIAT..? HAH!? WE WILL SELL YOU PITIFUL FOOLS AS SLAVES TO KAPITALISTS... RESTORE TZARIST ARISTOCRACY... AND PERHAPS EVEN CARVE INITIALS ON LENIN'S TOMB..!
IS GHOST OF TROTSKY!?
NYA HAAAA HAAAAA!! YES, I'LL GET YOU MY PRETTY AND YOUR LEEDLE PUPPET TOO..!
UH... UH... UNCLE JOE, IS M-MUCH SC-SCARY, YES..!
I-I AM NYET WANTINK T-T-TO KNOW WHA-WHAT IS HAPPENINK NEXT..!!
IS HOKAY...
IS END OF STORY INSTALMENT ANYWAY... TO DISCOVERINK HOW LEEDLE SVETLANA AND KOMRADS ARE ESCAPINK FROM COUNTER-REVOLUTIONARY DEMAGOGUERY OF THE TRAITOROUS GHOST OF TROTSKY. KOMRAD READERS MUST BE KOMINK BACK NEXT TIME.
NOW EVERYONE IS SCRAMINK..! IS TIME FOR SPECIAL PARTY SECRATERIAT MEETINK WITH COMMISSAR SVETLANA..
IS RIGHT..?
S'ALLRIGHT
TO BE CONTINUED...

SLUG FEST

by MARY FLEENER ©1989



AFTER A FEW WEEKS OF OBSERVATION, WE NAME THE BIRDS ACCORDING TO THEIR **DEFORMITIES**. ⊛ **PESTICIDE USE?** THE **WATER?** THE **AIR?**

"'OL ONE-EYE"

"SHOVEL BEAK"

"HATCHET HEAD"

⊛ ENCINITAS HAS **LOTS** OF GREEN HOUSES & FLOWER FIELDS

ONE THING I **DIDN'T** PLAN ON ATTRACTING WERE **BIRDS** THAT **EAT** OTHER BIRDS!

CAAAW! CAAAW!

ABOUT THIS TIME I BEGIN TO SEE **SLIMY SLUG TRACKS** EVERY MORNING IN THE KITCHEN AREA.

WHERE ARE THEY **NOW?**

ALSO **MICE!** THE BIRDSEED IS NOW **EVERYWHERE**, SO THE RODENTS JOIN IN THE **FEAST** AND **MOVE RIGHT IN!**

HOW'D YOU ALL GET IN **HERE?!**

SPRING! SPRING!

DOG FOOD

?

HERE KITTY, KITTY, KITTY...

THE CAT IS AN EFFICIENT **NIGHT STALKER.**

PURRRRRRRRR

THE **NEXT** NIGHT, I GOT UP TO CHECK ON KITTY'S **KILL** WHEN I DISCOVER **THREE GIANT** SLUGS CRUISING AROUND THE KITCHEN FLOOR. I INSTANTLY KILL A **FOURTH** ONE.

SHIT! YECCCH!!!

SPLAT!

AND THAT **SLUG MUCUS** IS ALMOST **IMPOSSIBLE** TO GET OFF YOUR SKIN!! I **EVEN** USED THAT GRITTY CLEANSER AND IT WAS **STILL** SLIMY! **DIS-GUSTIN'!**

OK! OK! BACK TO THE STORY, ALREADY.

NIGHT AFTER NIGHT WE FOUND THEM

THIS SUDDEN INVASION DIDN'T **JIVE** WITH MY **ECOLOGICIAL** CONCERNS.

BLAST OFF!

ZOOM!

I **ACTUALLY** SPEND SEVERAL DAYS (shudder) **CLEANING** THE KITCHEN

THEY'VE BEEN HERE FOR **WEEKS!** WHAT ARE THEY **EATING? SEEDS?** NAAAH...

AMAZING!! HOW COULD HE (OR SHE!) CLIMB UP **12** BEER CANS WITHOUT KNOCKIN' 'EM **DOWN?**

I GUESS THEY **DO** LIKE BREW!

BEER CANS INTENDED FOR RE-CYCLING ALL TOO OFTEN END UP AS THESE "SCULPTURES" or "TOWERS"

THEN! ONE NIGHT, I WAKE UP TO GET SOME WATER

CLICK!

HI, **KITTY...** CATCH ANY MORE..? **GASP!!**

EEEUUUW!

TWO GIANT SLUGS WERE EATING THE CARCASS OF A FRESHLY KILLED MOUSE!!

I THOUGHT SLUGS **ONLY** ATE **GREEN STUFF!** LOOK AT 'EM **PEEL** THAT **FLESH... NOISY EATERS, TOO! I YAM DISGUSTED.**

SLURP SLURP SLUUUURP!

SLURP SLURP SLURP SLURP SLURP

DID YOU KNOW?

INSIDE A SLUG'S MOUTH, THE "TONGUE" OR **RADULA** IS COVERED WITH ROWS of **TINY SHARP TEETH** - IT MOVES BACK AND **FORTH** LIKE A **LITTLE FILE!**

FROM: "SNAILS" A LERNER NATURAL SCIENCE BOOK

IN THE MORNING I WENT OUTSIDE TO FURTHER **EXAMINE** THE **REMAINS.**

THIS CARCASS IS SUPPORTING A LARGE **VARIETY** OF CRITTERS!

THE BIRD FEEDER GETS **TOSSED** AFTER I FIND A SPARROW **TRAPPED** INSIDE BECAUSE I LEFT THE LID OFF.

THIS IS WHAT YOU GET FOR BEIN' SUCHA **GREEDY** LI'L **F'C'K'ER!** OK NOW... RELAX... ...sheesh...!

PEEP!

PEEP!

PEEP!

PEEP!

THE BIRD GOT OUT & WAS O.K.

EVEN THE **BIRDBATH** FAILS TO PROVIDE THE *ambiance* I SEEK...

HEY MARY—COME LOOK! THERE'S SOMETHING IN THE BIRDBATH WE'VE **NEVER** SEEN BEFORE!

ETERNALLY SMART-ASS HUBBY

OH REALLY?

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

GET OUTTA THERE YA DUMB CAT!!!

AND YOU- SHUT UP!!

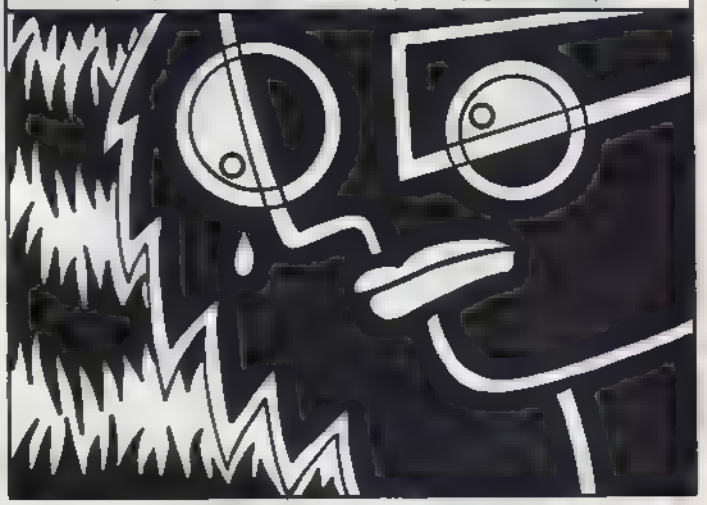
EPILOG...

EVERYTIME THE CAT DRANK FROM THE BATH HE KNOCKED THE **"BOWL"** OFF THE **PEDESTAL,** SO I HAD TO MOVE IT TO SOME **OTHER** PLACE.

EVEN SO, I **WASN'T** SURPRISED TO FIND IT **TOPPLED OVER** THE **NEXT** DAY. WHEN I LIFTED IT, **WAS I SURPRISED** TO FIND A **FAMILY OF POSSUMS** UNDERNEATH!

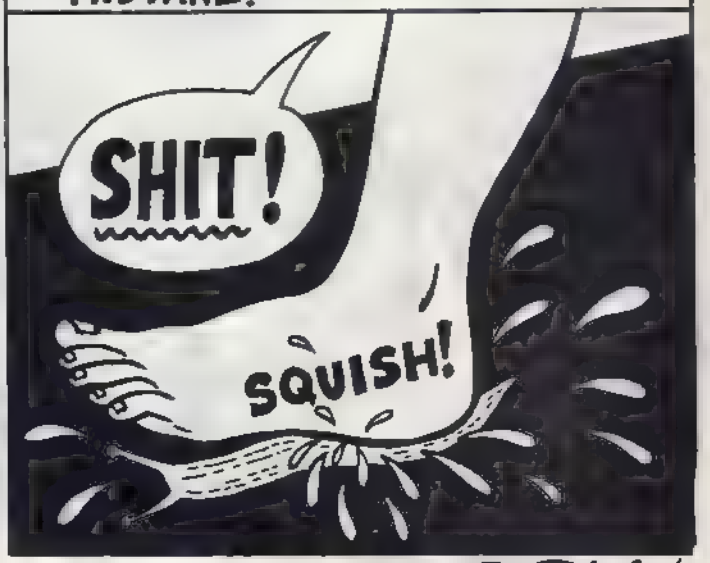
AS SHE LUMBERED OFF WITH HER **KITS,** I SAW THE SMALL STILL FIGURE IN THE GRASSES. AFTER CALLING SOME **WILDLIFE** PEOPLE I REALIZED IT WAS HOPELESS.

THE **MOTHER** CIRCLED THE YARD FOR **HOURS** AND WHEN SHE FINALLY LEFT I KNEW I HAD TO HAVE A LITTLE **FUNERAL.**



SO, DID I **UPSET** THE **BALANCE of NATURE** OR **WOT?** THIS LI'L *Comedy of Errors* DEMONSTRATES WHAT **MAY** HAPPEN WHEN SUDDEN **CHANGES** ARE INTRODUCED INTO AN ENVIRONMENT - LIKE MY BACK YARD.

AND I'M **STILL** PAYING FOR MY **MISTAKE!**

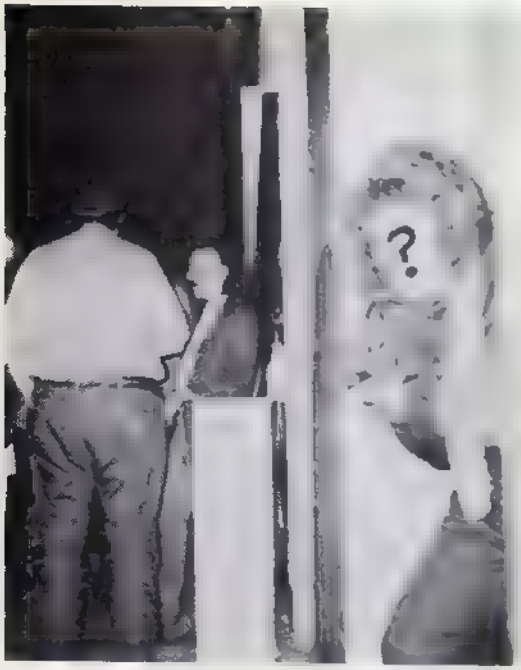


The End

SAN DIEGO POSTCARD

"Don't worry, be batty!"

Every year, as sure as the swallows return to Capistrano, a mass migration of cartoonists, publishers and fans flock to sunny San Diego for the annual Comic Convention. This year, the city was invaded by over 10,000 comic enthusiasts who poured into the over-crowded hotels like lemmings in heat. Even the marines were forced out into the streets and had to compete with the homeless for the few available sleeping spaces in doorways, dumpsters and alleys!



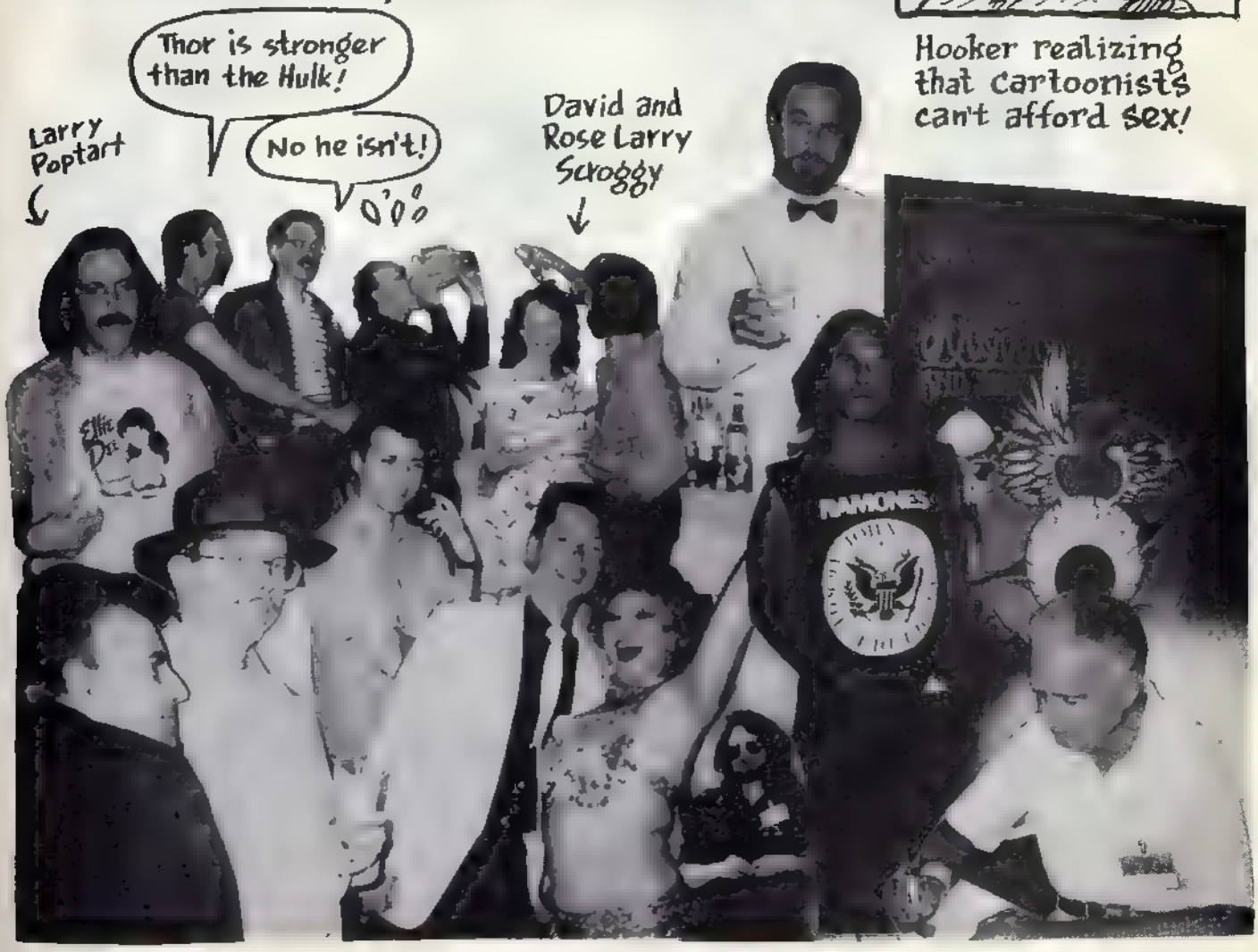
Thursday night, Rip Off Press held their 20th anniversary party at the Athens Marketplace. The ravenous hoard was treated to Greek cuisine garnished with fire eating bellydancers. Beer flowed like oil from the Exxon Valdez and the night was filled with laughter and intellectually stimulating conversation.

"Hot Stuff!"

While Rip Off security men R.L. Crabb and Joshua Quagmire get drunk, the coveted garish socks award is lifted by an unknown, yet oddly familiar party goer.

Friday and Saturday were lost in a fog of alcohol and cigarette smoke. Parties raged throughout the Hotel San Diego until the vampire sunrise. Peach-sucking Nazis sang hymns to the Fatherland while ghost hunters and confused hookers roamed the empty hallways. Chaos rules on Sunday. The Vice Squad descends on Last Gasp, but are soundly whipped. Hoards of Batfans almost riot in Golden Hall. Cattle prods and cooler heads prevail. Time to Meltdown!

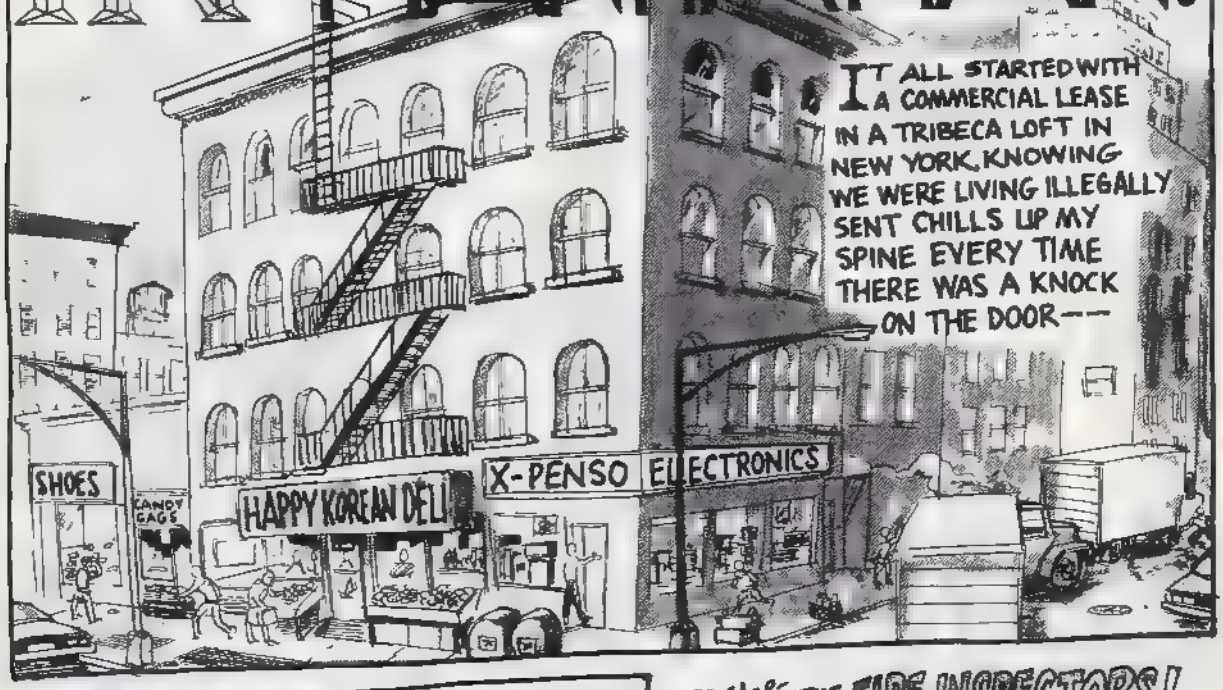
Hooker realizing that cartoonists can't afford sex!



The party's over! The weary survivors gather their wits and return to their hovels to scratch out a meager living. It's a hard and thankless job, but someone's got to do it! Besides, its only a year 'til the NEXT CONVENTION!!

Scribbled by R.L. Crabb collaged by Kate Crabb ©1989

IT'S FUN to LIVE IN MANHATTAN!



©WRITTEN & ILLUSTRATED by PETE FRIEDRICH 1988

NOW I LIVE IN **TERROR** — WHEN THROWING OUT MY **GARBAGE** ONE DAY, I'LL BE THE TARGET OF A CLASSIC MOB-STYLE HIT FOR DENYING THEM THEIR 62.50 A MONTH!

ANYWAY—OUTSIDE OF THAT, IT'S NOT COMPLETE HELL LIVING HERE... IT HAS IT'S UPS AND DOWNS... LIKE THE TEMPERATURE! TOP FLOOR!
NEXT YEAR I'M FLYIN' TO ALASKA!
HAH HAH STOOPID! NOW YER DEAD. HAWHAW
HELP
I CAN'T EVEN DRAW COMICS IN THE WINTER BECAUSE THE INK FREEZES IN THE BOTTLES!
NEXT YEAR I'M FLYIN' TO JAMAICA.
FOOD HURRY!
FOOD HURRY UP WE'RE HUNGRY STARVING FOOD
FOOD ME FIRST
Coming!
HURRY UP!!
BATHROOM
KNOCK KNOCK
PHOTO CHEMICALS! WATCH YA STEP!!
PETE-Y'GOT 5 BUCKS I CAN HAVE
FOR I AM A COMIC ARTIST AND THIS IS MY Hell. MY NAME IS PETE.
HABLA ESPAÑOL?
I CAN'T PAY RENT TILL NEX' MONTH, OK?
THE END? NEVER!
PETE 88

the adventures of
FAT FREDDY'S
CAT
©1987 by GILBERT SHELTON

C'MERE, CAT! I CAN'T FINISH ALL THIS FOOD! YOU CAN HAVE THE REST!

LICK
LICK
LICK
LICK
LICK

WOW! HE POLISHED THE PLATE SO CLEAN I DON'T EVEN HAVE TO WASH IT!
THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!
PROUD

WHO IS IT?
OPEN UP! IT'S ME, FREDDY!
KNOCK KNOCK

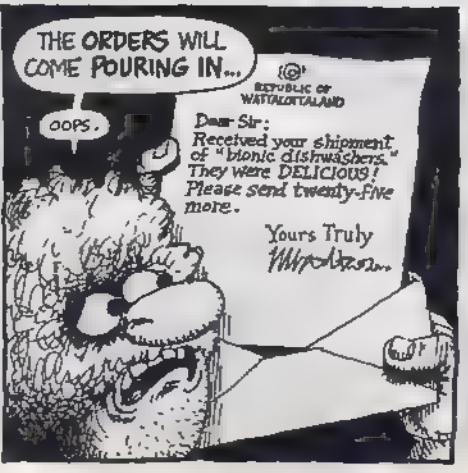
HEY, GROOVER McTUBER, I KNOW YOU DON'T LIKE TO TAKE TIME OFF FROM WATCHING TEEVEE TO WASH YOUR DIRTY DISHES, SO I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT WANT TO RENT MY PORTABLE DISHWASHER! TEN DOLLARS A WEEK! IT'S CORDLESS! JUST PUT IT ON THE DRAINBOARD BY YOUR SINK!
UH... SURE! SOUNDS GREAT!

ONE WEEK LATER:
HERE'S YOUR DISHWASHER BACK, FREDDY! THANKS A LOT! IT WORKS FINE! IT JUST ABOUT CLEANED THE DESIGNS OFF ALL OF MY DISHES!
THIS END TOWARD DISHES

WELL, HOW WAS THE GIG?
NOT BAD, IF YOU LIKE FROZEN DINNERS!

I GOTTA GO TO THE SANDBOX, THO'!
PLEASE EXCUSE ME!

WHAT A GREAT IDEA THIS TURNED OUT TO BE! I CAN MARKET THE DEVICES IN THIRD-WORLD COUNTRIES THAT DON'T HAVE ANY ELECTRICITY!
BIONIC


THE ORDERS WILL COME POURING IN...
OOPS.
REPUBLIC OF WATOLOKTALAND
Dear Sir:
Received your shipment of "bionic dishwashers." They were DELICIOUS! Please send twenty-five more.
Yours Truly

HMM... MAYBE IT WASN'T SUCH A GREAT IDEA AFTER ALL...
HEY, BOSS! I THINK I STRETCHED MY PELT!

IN THIS DECADE, NOTHING HAS BEEN MORE RIVITING ON TV THAN THAT GAL REPORTER WINONA MICHELANGELICA DIXON AND HER SHOW...
In A Perfect WORLD
KEVIN ATKINSON '89

WINONA WITH THE DARK SWINE AND Pig Boy.
IT'S SYMBIOTIC, WIN. HE SAVES MY ASS, I SAVE HIS. THE WORLD COULD NEVER BE EXPECTED TO FULLY UNDERSTAND.

TENTACLED BOB GUTHRIE, BLIND AS A BAT AND WITH ARMS LIKE AN OCTOPUS WOWS 'EM ON THE WINONA SHOW.
♫ I WANNA GO TO HEE HAW LAND, WHERE PEOPLE ARE STUPID, WHERE PEOPLE ARE BLAND, WHERE YOU GET FUCKED UP, AND NOBODY CARES, TAKE A LOTTA DRUGS WHILE YER SITTIN' IN A CHAIR ♫

WINONA SHEDS A TEAR WITH CARLA AND STELLA TRAXLER WHO SHOW HER THE TRUE MEANING OF OPTIMISM.
IN NO WAY...
...DOES IT INTERFERE WITH OUR SOCIAL LIFE.
I LEARN SO MUCH FROM YOU

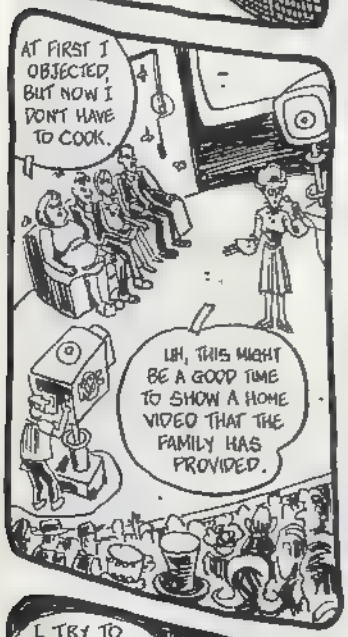
WITH MEMBERS FROM THE LEAGUE OF PROTESTANT MUTANTS.
HE TOLD US WE COULD DO HIS WORK BETTER IF WE HAD A NEWER CLUBHOUSE... WANNA DONATE?
LPM
HE IS TELLING MY ENORMOUS, TELEPATHIC BRAIN THAT YOU SHOULD GIVE US MONEY...

WINONA BRAVES THE WILDS OF THE JUNGLE TO MEET WITH FAMED PROCTOLOGIST DR. OMA HALSEY AND THE NEWLY DISCOVERED ANIMAL MEN!
BY STUDYING THEIRS, WE CAN GAIN DEEPER INSIGHT INTO OURS. THERE'S STILL SO MUCH WE DON'T KNOW ABOUT THEM.

AN EXCERPT FROM THE TIME WINONA HAD THE VAMPIRE FAMILY ON..
HELP US UNDERSTAND, SIR. YOU GOT THE CURSE FIRST..
THAT'S RIGHT. I WAS JUST INNOCENTLY ROBBING A GRAVE. THE PERSON IN THE COFFIN WASN'T DEAD

THEY ARE WEARING MASKS SO THAT THEY CAN REMAIN ANONYMOUS.
WE ALL SUSPECTED SOMETHING...
AT FIRST I JUST DRANK NEIGHBORHOOD CATS ...

...BUT ONE NIGHT I JUST WENT CRAZY AND CAME HOME AND DRANK THE WHOLE FAMILY!


AT FIRST I OBJECTED, BUT NOW I DON'T HAVE TO COOK.
UH, THIS MIGHT BE A GOOD TIME TO SHOW A HOME VIDEO THAT THE FAMILY HAS PROVIDED.

SURE, WIN. THIS IS FROM MY SON'S 16TH BIRTHDAY.
WE WANTED TO MAKE IT AN OCCASION HE'D REMEMBER FOR 100'S OF YEARS.
BLOW OUT THE CANDLES FIRST, SONNY BOY!
STOP THIS FILM! THIS IS..IS.. OFFENSIVE!
BUT WIN THERE'S MORE!

I TRY TO KEEP AN OPEN MIND ON THIS SHOW..
BUT YOU PEOPLE ARE SICK! SICK! SICK!

OH YEAH? WELL IT'S NOT LIKE WE ASKED TO BECOME HIDEOUS FIENDS! HAVE A LITTLE SYMPATHY!

WINONA GOES INTO THE AUDIENCE FOR QUESTIONS AND COMMENTS.

WINONA, I'M REV MARVIN BUZZARD, OUTSPOKEN ANTI-VAMPIRE CRITIC, AND I SAY WE DON'T HAVE TO LISTEN TO THESE PERVERTS!

WHY REV, WHAT A COINCIDENCE THAT YOU JUST HAPPEN TO BE HERE!

THIS IS A PLANT! LADY, IF THIS VAMPIREPHOBE TRYS ANYTHING I'LL SUE YOU FOR EVERY DROP OF BLOOD YOU'RE WORTH!

MAKE NO IDLE THREATS, TAINTED ONE...

I WILL NOW READ FROM THIS ANCIENT LATIN BANISHMENT SCROLL AND SEND YOU AND YOUR INDECENT CLAN INTO THE FIERY PIT!

BANISHMENT SCROLL?

WHAT KIND OF BULLSHIT IS THIS?

WHY IS THIS GUY RESORTING TO SUCH OBSCURE METHODS?

WHERE'S HIS CRUCIFIX?

WHERE'S HIS GARLIC?

WHERE'S HIS HAMMER & STAKE?

THIS STINKING HYPOCRITE'S A VAMPIRE TOO!

HOW DO YOU RESPOND TO THAT, SIR?

I..I..

I AM NOT.

HE'S LYING! LOOK AT HIS EARS GROW!

I AM NOT...

NOW LOOK AT HIM! HIS TEETH!

SPLINK

OK, I ADMIT IT. I AM.

BUT I STILL HAVE THIS AND I INTEND TO USE IT!
LISTEN, YOU SLEAZY TV TABLOID BITCH, GET HIM OUT OR ELSE!
ALL MY GUESTS ARE ALLOWED TO EXPRESS THEMSELVES FREELY.
PLEASE MAKE YOUR BANISHMENT BRIEF. WE HAVE A COMMERCIAL SOON
VERY WELL. BY THE POWER INVESTED IN THIS PIECE OF PAPER...
IN ALL THE COMMOTION, NO ONE NOTICES TWO SUSPICIOUS LOOKING CLOWNS...
IT'S TIME.
I WANNA
NO ONE SHALL ROB ME OF THE OPPORTUNITY OF EXPRESSING MY MORAL OUTRAGE!
NO! WAIT! I MUST REDEEM MY SOUL BY DAMNING THEIRS!
GOODBYE, MAGGOT.
BLOOM
GLURG..
ANY FINAL COMMENTS? ER..
..ANY FINAL COMMENTS?
PLEASED..
...TO MEET YOU

VENGEANCE JUNKIES
...HOPE YOU GUESSED MY NAME... IT'S MALICE... ...JACOB MALICE. THIS IS MY ASSOCIATE...
WE ARE THE..
SPIKE.
TOGETHER WE ROAM THE WORLD, SEARCHING FOR THOSE TRULY DESERVING OF OUR OWN SPECIAL BRAND OF REVENGE.
THE FACT THAT THEY DIDN'T DO ANYTHING TO US PERSONALLY IS IRRELEVANT.
THERMO-HYDROGEN VAMPIRE EXTERMINATION STAKE.
READY..
WE'RE GETTING OUT OF HERE!
..AIM..

FIRE.
NO!
BLOOD!
THE FAMILY IS TRANSFORMED INTO THE HIDEOUS VAMPIRE BEAST!

KBC
I WOULD LIKE TO THANK MY GUESTS FOR BEING HERE, BUT THEY'RE ALL DEAD.
THE FICKLE AUDIENCE DIDN'T FEEL LIKE STICKING BY WINONA AND THE SHAMBLES HER SHOW HAD BECOME
PLEASE COME BACK TOMORROW. WE'RE GOING TO TALK ABOUT SEX
I FEEL GOOD ABOUT IT.. I'M COMFORTABLE WITH IT WHAT ELSE CAN I SAY?
BOB GUTHRIE, WHO WITH HIS DIM EYESIGHT HAD NOT PERCIEVED WHAT HAD HAPPENED, AMBLES OVER TO WINONA...
UH. WIN?
WHEN DO I GET TO DO MY SPOT?
WHY IS EVERYONE LEAVING? I KNOW I'M NOT AS POPULAR AS I WAS IN THE 60'S, BUT JEEZ
BOB, WE'VE HAD SOME DIFFICULTIES.. I CAN'T DISCUSS IT NOW. BUT GO AHEAD THE CAMERA'S ARE ROLLING.
♪ OH, MY KIDS AREN'T LEARNIN' TOO MUCH STUFF.. NOT IN SCHOOL LONG ENOUGH.. GET ON MY NERVES.. ♪ AND THEY MAKE ME SICK.. ♪
♫ SO I TAKE 'EM OUT BACK AN HIT 'EM WITH A STICK.. ♫
YOU LIVE YOUR LIFE UNTIL YOU DIE... PEOPLE GO TO YOUR FUNERAL ♪.. AND THEY CRY... THEY GO BACK TO YOUR HOUSE, AND EAT APPLE PIE...
SOMEBODY SAYS "WHY O WHY?"
WHY NOT?

PARIS . .
LOOKING FOR JIM!
PÈRE LACHAISE CEMETERY! THAT'S WHERE JIM MORRISON IS BURIED! DAD, STOP THE CAR!
ACCORDING TO THE GUIDE BOOK, OSCAR WILDE, GERTRUDE STEIN, COLLETTE, AND EDITH PIAF ARE BURIED HERE, TOO.
NEATO! IT'S STILL OPEN!
I WANNA SKETCH THESE TOMBS. MEET YOU BACK HERE IN AN HOUR.

YIII!
OSCAR
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? DON'T YOU KNOW THE CEMETERY IS CLOSED?

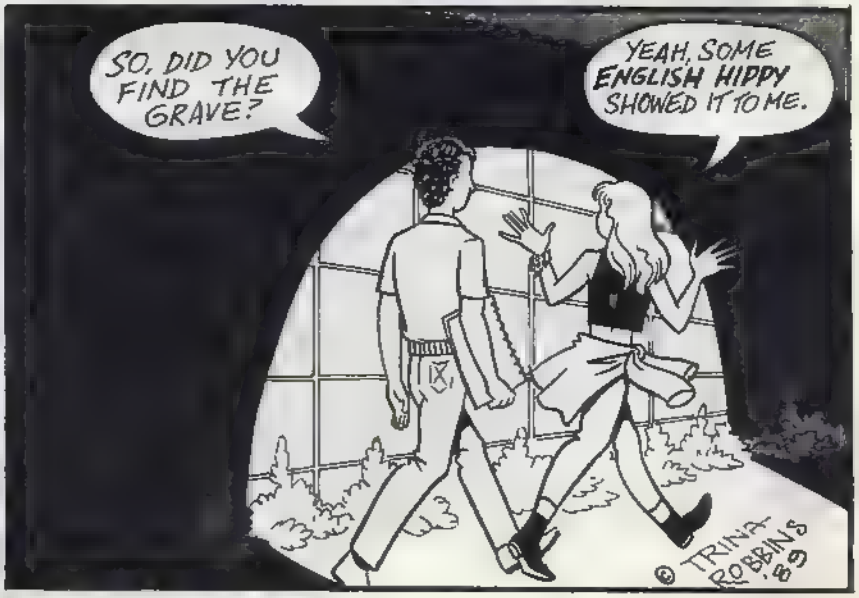
I - I'M LOOKING FOR JIM MORRISON'S GRAVE.
OSCAR, SHOW HER THE GRAVE AND GET HER OUT OF HERE.

LOOK WHAT HAPPENED TO THE NEIGHBORHOOD SINCE HE MOVED IN.
VERY WELL, GERTRUDE. FOLLOW ME, MISS.
TSK! KIDS THESE DAYS!
JIM

OOH!
SEX DRUGS AND ROCK & ROLL
AND THEIR MUSIC! IT'S JUST NOISE!
VIVA JIM
JIM MORRISON
1943 - 1971
JUNKIE
DUM DUM BOYS

THANKS!
CASEY!

HOW DID YOU GET OUT? THE GATE IS LOCKED.


SO, DID YOU FIND THE GRAVE?
YEAH, SOME ENGLISH HIPPY SHOWED IT TO ME.
© TRINA ROBBINS '89

ORANGE SUNSHINE AT Disneyland

So. Cal. 1969

©1989 Dennis Worden

TWO FRIENDS OF OURS HAD COME OVER IN A BIG BLACK BEAT UP 1959 CADILLAC WITH THE ENGINE HOOD MISSING...

THEY SAID THEY HAD BOUGHT IT BUT SINCE THEY WERE KNOWN TO STEAL CARS AND HAD RECENTLY ESCAPED FROM JUVENILE HALL, IT WAS QUESTIONABLE.

WE ALL DECIDED TO DROP ACID AND GO TO DISNEYLAND. WE HAD HEARD TALES OF WHAT A TOTAL BUST D-LAND WAS FOR ANYONE HOLDING DRUGS SO WE FIGURED L.S.D. WOULD BE THE PERFECT DRUG SINCE IT WOULD KEEP US HIGH THE WHOLE TIME AND WE'D BE CARRYING NOTHING.

WHEN THEY GOT OFF THE GONDOLAS THE COPS WERE WAITING AND HAULED 'EM AWAY.

FUCK, DO THEY HAVE TINKERBELL MANNING A TELE-SCOPE OR WHAT?!

MOTEL

TEXACO

PILED INTO THE CADIE WE SMOKE FAT JOINTS ALL THE WAY TO ANAHEIM...

IT'S SOMETHING OF A MIRACLE WE DIDN'T GET PULLED OVER....

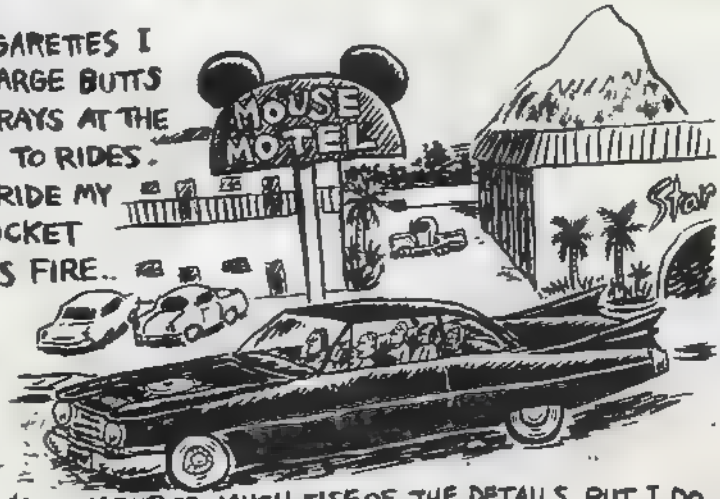
WE EAT OUR ACID BEFORE ENTERING THE PARK. THERE IS SOME QUESTION IF THEY'LL LET US IN, BECAUSE OF OUR LONGISH HAIR, BUT THERE IS NO PROBLEM

WE HAD THOUGHT THE L.S.D. WOULD MAKE THE PARK LOOK MORE "MAGICAL" BUT AS WE COME ON QUICKLY IT BEGINS TO LOSE ALL ILLUSION OF MAGIC AND APPEARS MORE & MORE PLAINLY AS THE PHONY FACADE IT REALLY IS... THE PLACE IS A JOKE AND WE FIND IT ALL HILARIOUS.

BY CHANCE A LARGE GROUP OF RETARDED FOLKS ARE ALSO VISITING THE PARK THAT DAY AND WE SEEM TO ENCOUNTER THEM WHEREVER WE GO... THE "NORMAL" PEOPLE LOOKED WEIRD ENOUGH BUT THIS WAS TOO MUCH.

THE RIDES LOOK COMPLETELY LAME. WE REACH OUT TO THUMP PLASTIC PROPS WHILE DISNEY PEOPLE POP FROM HIDDEN NICHES TO KEEP US IN LINE.

OUT OF CIGARETTES I SNATCH LARGE BUTTS FROM ASHTRAYS AT THE ENTRANCES TO RIDES. IN ONE RIDE MY SHIRT POCKET CATCHES FIRE..



I DON'T REMEMBER MUCH ELSE OF THE DETAILS BUT I DO KNOW WE LAUGHED HYSTERICALLY THE ENTIRE TIME WE WERE THERE, TILL OUR JAWS AND SIDES ACHED, AND THAT WE MADE IT HOME SAFELY. THANKS WALT!

—END—

I SUPPOSE YOU KIDS THINK THAT BEIN' A TEENAGER IN THE 70'S WAS NOTHIN' BUT "PARTY DOWN" AND "SHAKE MY BOO-TAY"... WELL, GATHER 'ROUND AND OLD UNCLE WOODY'LL TELL YOU WHAT IT WAS REALLY LIKE BACK IN '73 WHEN I WENT TO...

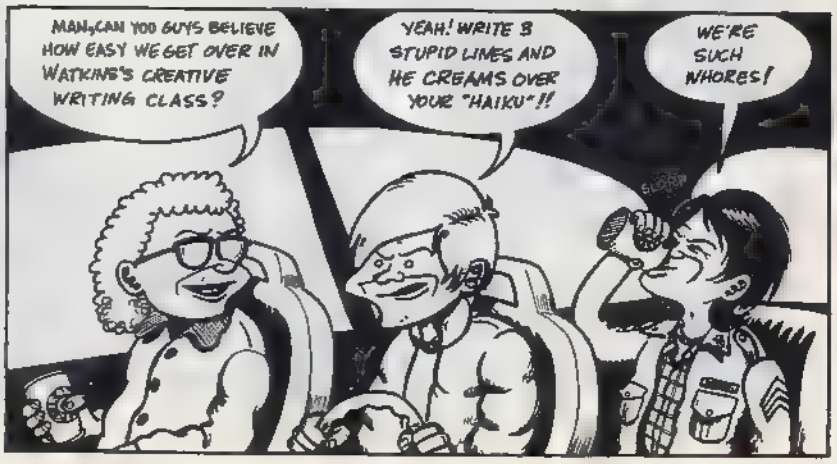
KANGAROO HIGH!

WHAT'S THAT YELLING?

YOUR BROTHER'S HAVING ANOTHER FLASHBACK...

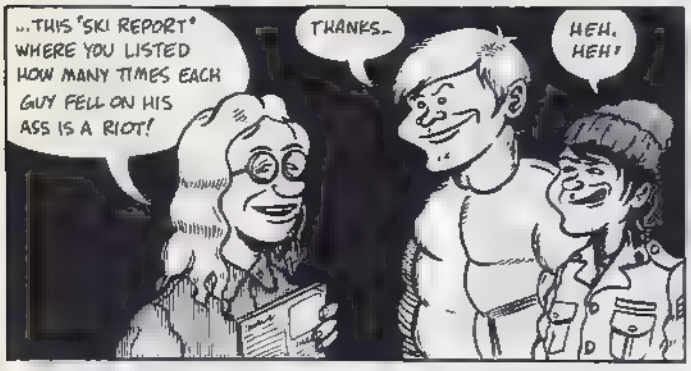
IT WAS A REGULAR OLD FRIDAY NIGHT. I WAS OUT BOONING* WITH MY PALS ELIOT AND CECIL...

*RIDING AROUND, DRINKING BEER AND BEING PUBLIC NUISANCES.

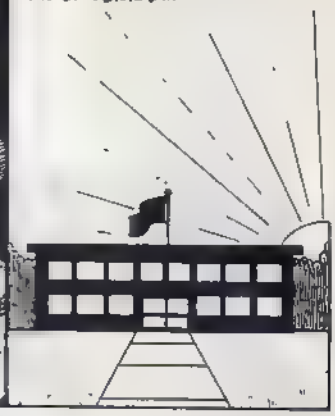


HAW! HAW! HAW! HAW!
SQUEEAL!
BUT A WEEK LATER, AS ELIOT READ THE SCHOOL NEWSPAPER...
OH SHIT! THEY PRINTED SOME OF THOSE GODDAMN POEMS!
The SPARTAN
I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT WAS GOING ON WHEN I WALKED INTO ELECTRONICS CLASS AND TWO 10TH-GRADE GEEKS STARTED RAZZIN' ME.
?
HEY LOOK! IT'S THE POET LARIAT!
WHAT'S UP ROD McKUEN?
Chicago
... CHRIST - WOTTA DAY!...
I CAN'T BELIEVE THEY PRINTED THAT SHIT WITHOUT EVEN ASKIN' US FIRST!
YEAH, I HATE THOSE "SPARTAN" ASSHOLES... THAT PAPER SUCKS SO HARD I CAN'T BELIEVE ANYBODY EVEN BOTHERS TO READ IT!
THAT'S FOR SURE! WHAT THAT DAMN SCHOOL NEEDS IS AN UNDERGROUND PAPER!!
WELL... WHEN DO WE START?
TOMORROW MORNING!
OVER THE WEEKEND WE WROTE A COUPLE DOZEN VERY JUVENILE "SATIRICAL" ARTICLES, AND ON MONDAY WE SHOWED 'EM TO GOOD OLD MR. WATKINS (EVERY KID'S PAL). HE THOUGHT IT'D BE A FUN PROJECT SO HE GAVE US SOME DITTO SHEETS TO USE AND EVEN GOT PERMISSION FROM MR. HOCHSTETTER SO WE COULD USE THE PEP CLUB'S DITTO MACHINE...
IT'S REFRESHING TO SEE YOUNG PEOPLE BEING SO CREATIVE!
WHIP WHIP WHIP
CHUNK
WE PRINTED ABOUT 35 COPIES AND GAVE 'EM OUT AT THE RINK WHERE OUR HOCKEY TEAM WAS PLAYING.
HERE-IT'S FREE.
COOL!

ACTUALLY, THIS THING WAS PRETTY TAME... A LOT OF INSIDE JOKES.. MAINLY, WE POKED FUN AT OURSELVES AND "HIGH SCHOOL CULTURE" BUT, WE GOT SOME LAUGHS. BESIDES, IT MADE EVERYBODY FORGET ABOUT OUR STUPID POETRY!



NEXT MORNING, EVEN BEFORE FIRST PERIOD...

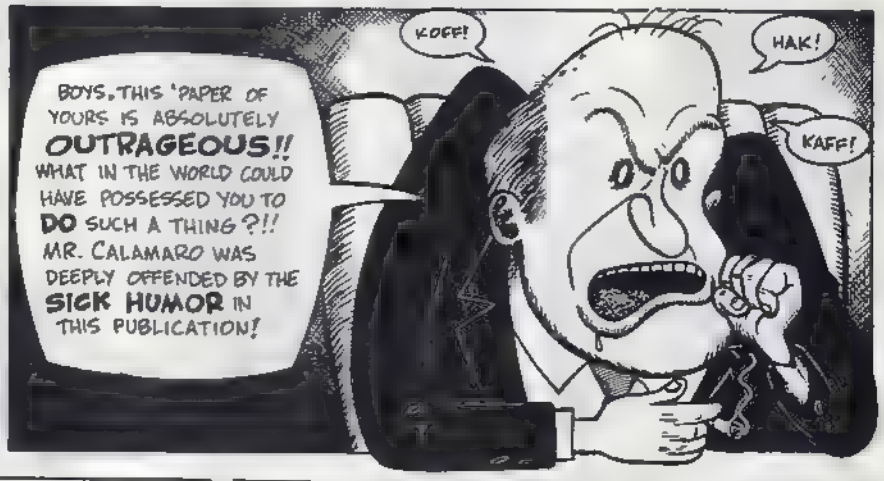


A VISIT FROM **DEBBIE FANZO**.....

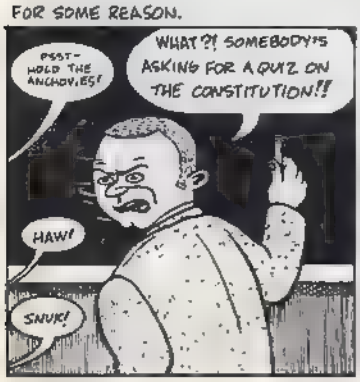
DEBBIE DID SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL'S TYPING FOR EXTRA CREDIT. SHE WAS ALSO ALLOWED TO SUMMON THE DOOMED TO HIS OFFICE...

I HONESTLY HAD NO IDEA WHY I WAS IN TROUBLE UNTIL I SAW CECIL AND ELIOT WAITING IN THE OFFICE..

WHILE WE WAITED FOR OLD MAN SOMERVILLE, WE PLANNED OUR DEFENSE...



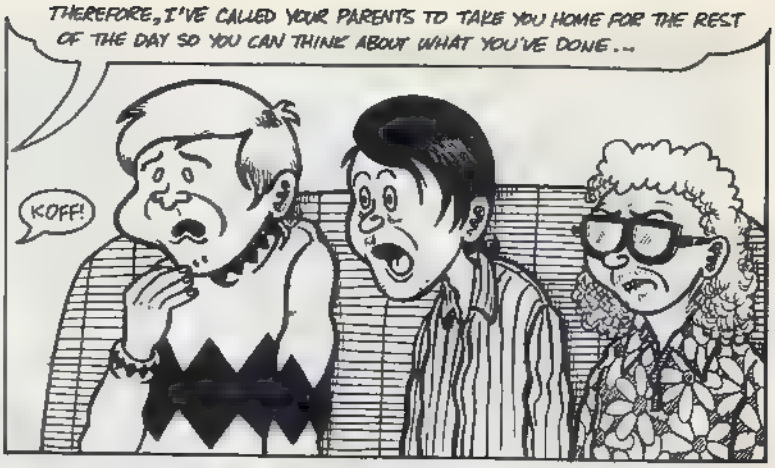
CALAMARO WAS OUR CIVICS TEACHER. SOME KIDS HEARD THAT HE ALSO OWNED A PIZZA SHOP, WHICH WE FOUND HILARIOUS FOR SOME REASON.



THERE WAS JUST ONE SINGLE, OBSCURE REFERENCE TO HIM IN THE ENTIRE FIVE-PAGE PAPER.

I GUESS HE WAS SENSITIVE ABOUT HIS HEIGHT.

WHEN MR WATKINS AND MR HOCHSTETTER WALKED IN, WE FIGURED THEY'D STRAIGHTEN EVERYTHING OUT—AFTER ALL, WHY ELSE WOULD THEY SHOW UP, RIGHT?



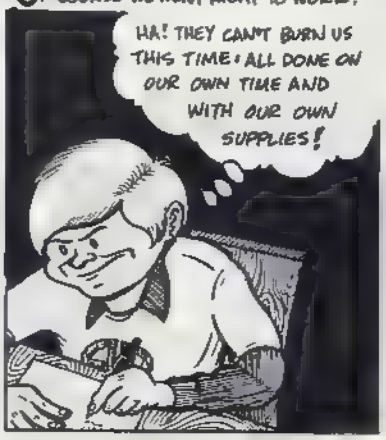
MY PARENTS YELLED A LITTLE BIT, BUT IN A WEEK OR TWO THE WHOLE THING BLEW OVER. WE HADN'T REALLY THOUGHT ABOUT OUR PAPER AGAIN UNTIL SIX MONTHS LATER WHEN BAXTER MAZEROSKI STOPPED ME IN THE HALL...

BAXTER WAS A PRETTY INTERESTING KID. FOR ELEVEN YEARS HE STUDIED HIS ASS OFF AND GOT ALL A'S, AND OVER THE SUMMER HE GOT A FULL SCHOLARSHIP TO CORNELL.

THEN HE WENT NUTS! SINCE HE WAS SURE HE'D BE GOING TO A BIG COLLEGE HE JUST SCREWED OFF ALL YEAR LONG: SKIPPING HALF HIS CLASSES, DRINKING EVERY NIGHT, SLEEPING IN WHATEVER CLASSES HE BOTHERED TO SHOW UP IN—HE ALMOST GOT KICKED OUT AT LEAST TEN TIMES! HE JUST DIDN'T GIVE A SHIT ANYMORE—YOU REALLY HAD TO ADMIRE THE GUY...

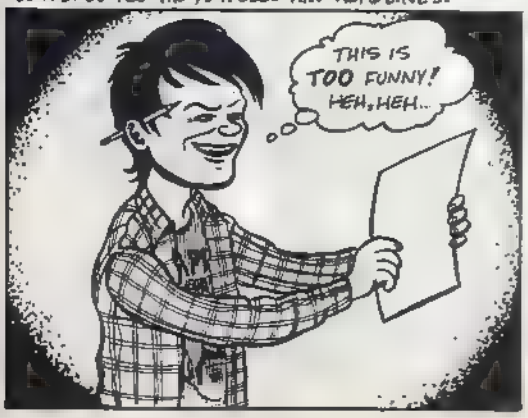
SO, I WAITED TO SEE WHAT WAS ON HIS MIND..

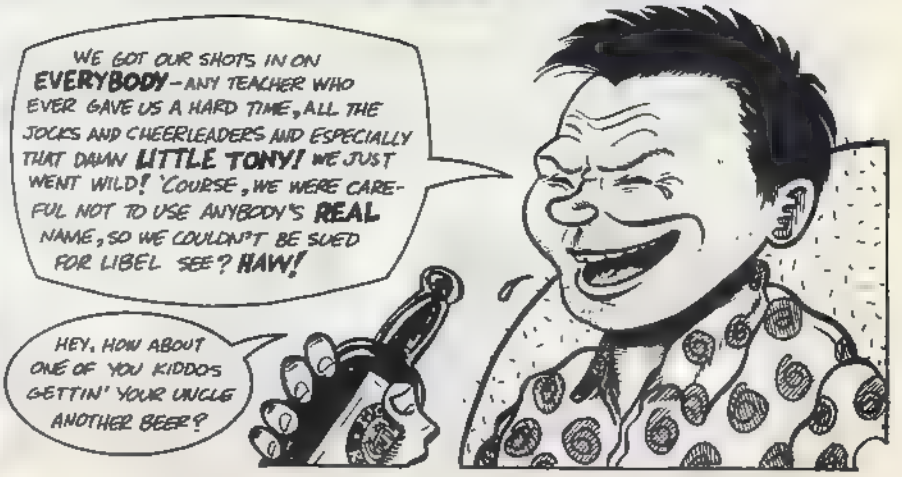
OF COURSE WE WENT RIGHT TO WORK!



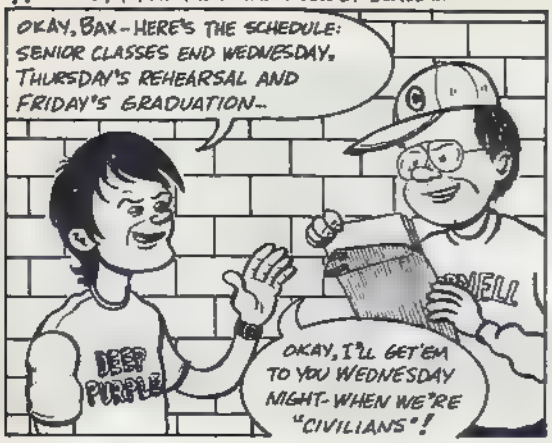
ELIOT HAD A TYPEWRITER, SO HE TYPED UP THE PAGE OF PHONY CLASSIFIED ADS.

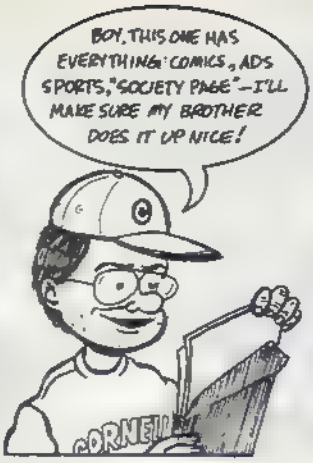
I DREW A COMICS PAGE, AND ME & CECIL HAND-LETTERED ALL THE ARTICLES AND HEADLINES.





ANYWAYS, IT WAS THE FINAL WEEK OF CLASS...

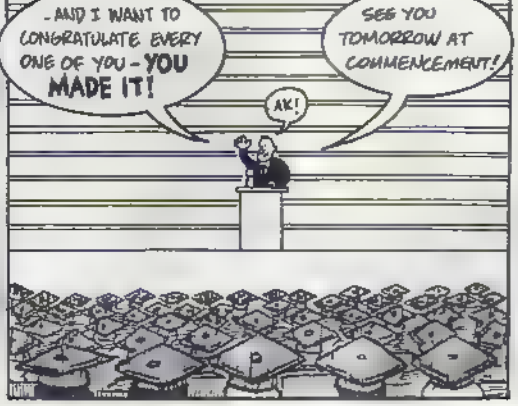




BAXTER'S BROTHER DID AN AMAZING JOB - EACH PAGE ON A DIFFERENT COLOR PAPER, ALL COLLATED AND STAPLED... IT WAS JUST BEAUTIFUL!

NEXT DAY WE DISTRIBUTED THEM OUTSIDE THE SCHOOL ENTRANCE.

EVERYTHING WAS COOL 'TIL THE END OF REHEARSAL...

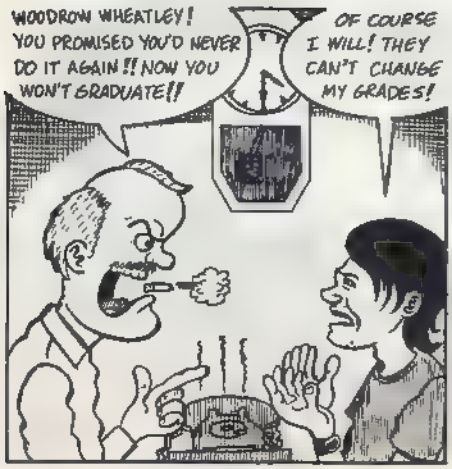


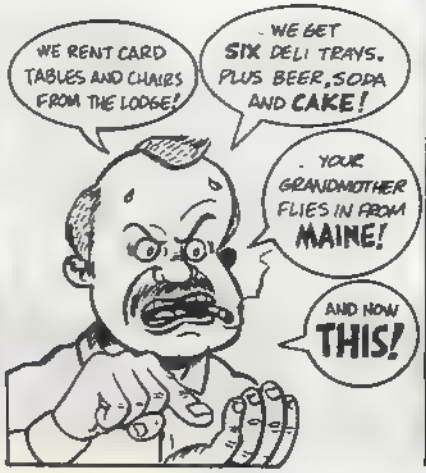
THEN, ABOUT 200 OF MY STUPID CLASSMATES, CAUGHT UP IN THIS SILLY RITE OF PASSAGE, BUT TOO PUSSY TO THROW THEIR HATS, TOSSED OUR PAPERS INTO THE AIR!

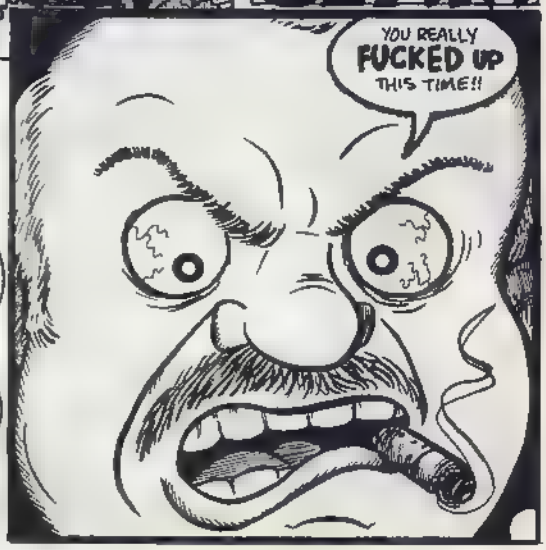
DRIVING HOME, I SAW HUNDREDS OF ORANGE, YELLOW, GREEN, RED AND PURPLE SHEETS LITTERING THE ROAD...

WITHIN TWO HOURS, SOMERVILLE HAD CALLED OUR PARENTS AND PLAYED HIS ACE IN THE HOLE...

MY DAD WASN'T PLEASED...







I NEARLY CHOKED TO DEATH! MY DAD YELLED AT ME A MILLION TIMES, BUT HE **NEVER** USED THE WORD "FUCK"... I KNEW THE SCHOOL REALLY COULDN'T DO MUCH TO US, BUT MY STOMACH SANK WHEN MY OLD MAN SAID THAT... I WOULDA RATHER HE JUST SLUGGED ME.

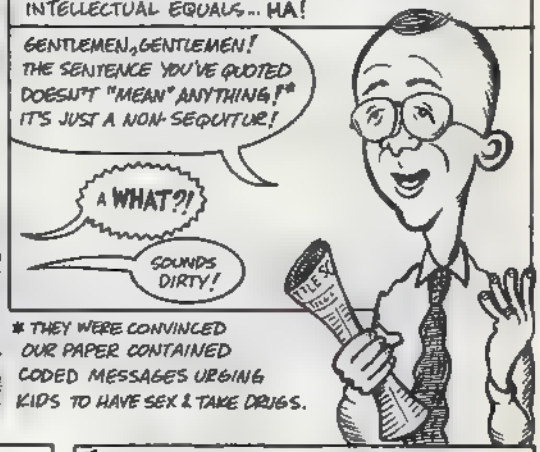
SO THAT NIGHT WE MET THE SCHOOL BOARD - THE LOWEST FORM OF ELECTED OFFICIAL - A PACK OF FRUSTRATED OLD SEMI-LITERATES WITH THE POWER TO DETERMINE EDUCATIONAL POLICY...

THE CAFETERIA WAS OUR "COURTROOM". THEY ACTUALLY MADE YOU SWEAR ON A BIBLE BEFORE YOU COULD SPEAK! SOME TEACHERS WE DIDN'T EVEN KNOW "TESTIFIED" AGAINST US...

LITTLE TONY WAS STRANGELY SILENT, ALTHOUGH OTHER TEACHERS SPOKE UP FOR HIM...

MOM STOOD RIGHT BEHIND ME...

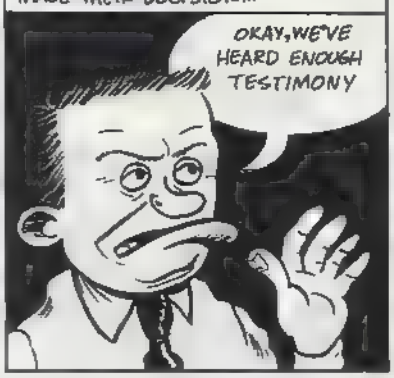
CECIL'S DAD TRIED TO ADDRESS THE BOARD AS INTELLECTUAL EQUALS... HA!



* THEY WERE CONVINCED OUR PAPER CONTAINED CODED MESSAGES URGING KIDS TO HAVE SEX & TAKE DRUGS.

OUR SPANISH TEACHER APPEARED AS A HANDWRITING EXPERT...

AFTER THREE HOURS THE CHAIRMAN SUDDENLY ANNOUNCED THAT THEY'D MADE THEIR DECISION...

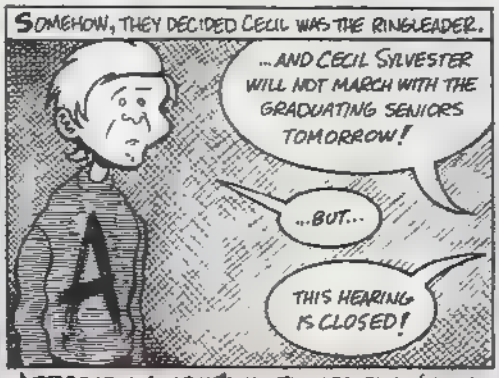


ELIOT WASN'T CALLED TO APPEAR AT ALL, AND HIS NAME WASN'T MENTIONED EVEN ONCE DURING THE WHOLE "TRIAL".

I CAN ONLY GUESS, BUT MY THEORY IS THE BOARD THOUGHT IT'D LOOK BAD TO COME DOWN ON ELIOT SINCE HE WAS AN HONORS STUDENT BESIDES BEING KIND OF SICKLY.

THEY DECIDED THAT MY INVOLVEMENT WAS ONLY AS AN ACCOMPLICE. I RESENTED THAT - OUR PAPER WAS A TEAM EFFORT, BUT I WASN'T ALLOWED TO SPEAK!

SOMEHOW, THEY DECIDED CECIL WAS THE RINGLEADER.



APPARENTLY, SINCE HE'D MOVED INTO TOWN (FROM NEW YORK) JUST THE SUMMER BEFORE, THEY PEGGED HIM AS SOME EVIL FOREIGN INFLUENCE.

I THOUGHT "GREAT! NOW ALL OUR CLASSMATES WOULD THINK ME AND ELIOT WEASELED OUT AND LEFT CECIL TO HANG!" I WANTED TO TELL CECIL HOW IT SUCKED THAT HE WAS SINGLED OUT FOR PUNISHMENT, BUT IN ALL THE CONFUSION I LOST HIM.

NEXT DAY I CALLED CECIL'S HOUSE A HUNDRED TIMES BUT GOT NO ANSWER ALL DAY...

I JUST **KNEW** THAT CECIL CHARACTER WAS BAD NEWS!

SHUT UP...

THE REASON THERE WAS NO ANSWER WAS THAT CECIL'S PARENTS TOOK THE SCHOOL TO COURT FOR **REAL!** THE JUDGE REALLY SLAPPED THE SCHOOL BOARD DOWN, TOO!!

DON'T YOU PEOPLE HAVE ANYTHING BETTER TO DO THAN HARRASS STUDENTS AND PARENTS? A CHILD DOESN'T GIVE UP HIS CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS* AT THE SCHOOLHOUSE DOOR! THIS PAPER MAY BE IMMATURE, BUT IT'S **NOT** OBSCENE OR LIBELOUS!!

APPARENTLY, BESIDES HAVING NO SENSE OF HUMOR, YOUR MR. CALAMARO COULD USE A CIVICS LESSON HIMSELF!

*1ST, 5TH, 14TH AMENDMENTS!

SO, CECIL WAS ALLOWED TO PARADE UP AND GET HIS DIPLOMA WITH EVERYBODY ELSE. WE EACH GOT A ROUND OF APPLAUSE FROM THE KIDS, ALTHOUGH CECIL'S WAS CONSIDERABLY LOUDER...

CONGRATULATIONS, MY BOY.

YEAH, SURE. THANKS

HAK

...AND YOU CAN CHOKE ON IT, YA GOD-DAMN PUNK!

...I HOPE YOU HAVE **CANCER**, ASSHOLE!

HIS PICTURE WAS EVEN IN THE PAPER...

AW, MAN! **MY** PICTURE SHOULDA BEEN IN HERE TOO... I TOOK JUST AS MUCH SHIT AS HIM AND NOW **HE'S** THE BIG **HERO!!**

JUDGE SOLVES TIFF - YOUTH GETS DIPLOMA

SO, I SURVIVED MY FIRST ENCOUNTER WITH CORRUPT, SMALL-TIME CONTROL FREAKS..

...AND I GUESS JUSTICE **DID** PREVAIL IN THE END...

..BUT HEY, AREN'T YOU GLAD **YOU** KIDS'RE GROWIN' UP IN MORE **ENLIGHTENED** TIMES? ME TOO!

..AND THE SUPREME COURT RULED IN FAVOR OF A NEW JERSEY HIGH SCHOOL PRINCIPAL WHO CENSORED AN ARTICLE ON THE VALEDICTORIAN'S PREGNANCY WHICH WAS TO APPER IN THE SCHOOL NEWSPAPER...

HEY, WHERE'S MY BEER?!

FOR M.Z.

— ©1989 WAYNO

Little Greta Garbage

POOR GRETA! SHE RUNS AWAY FROM HOME TO ESCAPE HER FATHER'S SEXUAL ADVANCES, ONLY TO BE FORCED INTO THE SEEDY WORLD OF PROSTITUTION BY DADDY FUCKBUCKS, A PIMP KNOWN FOR HIS INTENSELY VIOLENT BEHAVIOR!

SHIT, DANDY! -THIS REALLY SUCKS THE BIG ONE!

WOOF

HEY BABY!! HOW MUCH TO DO ME AND MY BUDDY?..

FIFTY BUCKS APIECE - AND YOU PAY FOR THE HOTEL ROOM!

OKAY! -HOP IN THE BACK AND WE'LL DRIVE OVER TO THE WESTWOOD!

WOOF?

HEY! YOU LEFT MY DOG BACK THERE-TURN THIS SHITHEAP AROUND!

EH-SHADUP, BITCH!

I WOULDN'T THINK ABOUT JUMPING OUT IF I WERE YOU! WE'RE DOING SEVENTY-FIVE MILES AN HOUR-JUST RELAX AND ENJOY THE RIDE...

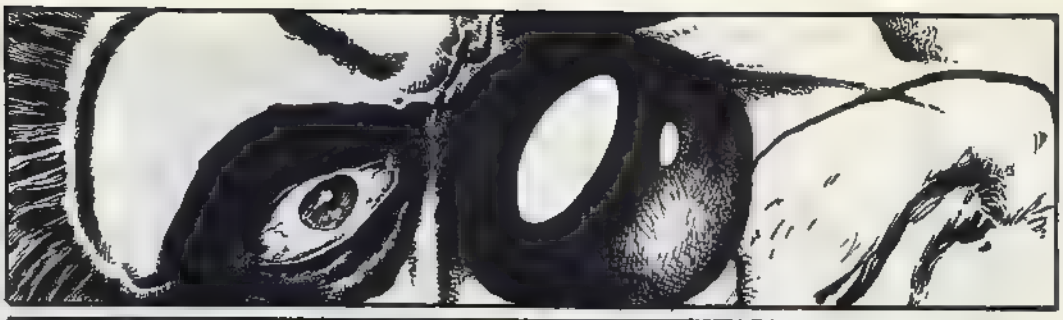
...CAUSE THAT'S ALL YER GONNA GET! SEE-ME AN' JULIO, WE DON'T NEVER PAY FOR NOTHIN'-DIG?

OKAY, MAN, WE'RE FAR ENOUGH OUT OF TOWN! PULL INTO THAT ORCHARD OVER ON THE RIGHT!

YEAH-I SEE IT!

BETTER WATCH OUT, GRETA! THEY EXECUTE TEENAGERS IN THIS COUNTRY NOWADAYS!!

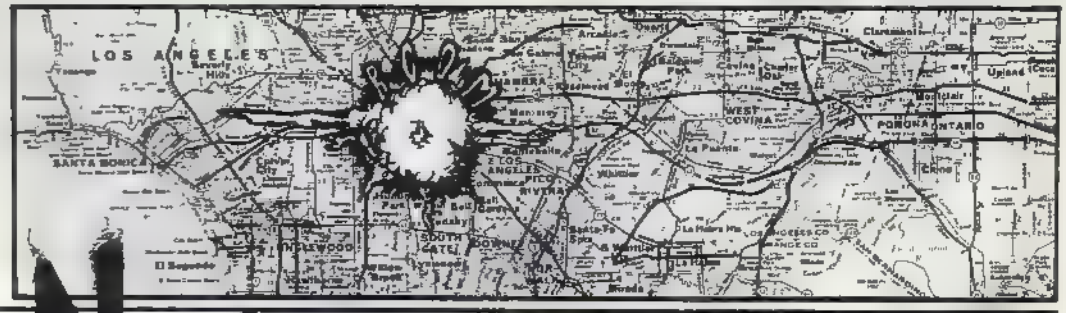
HERE

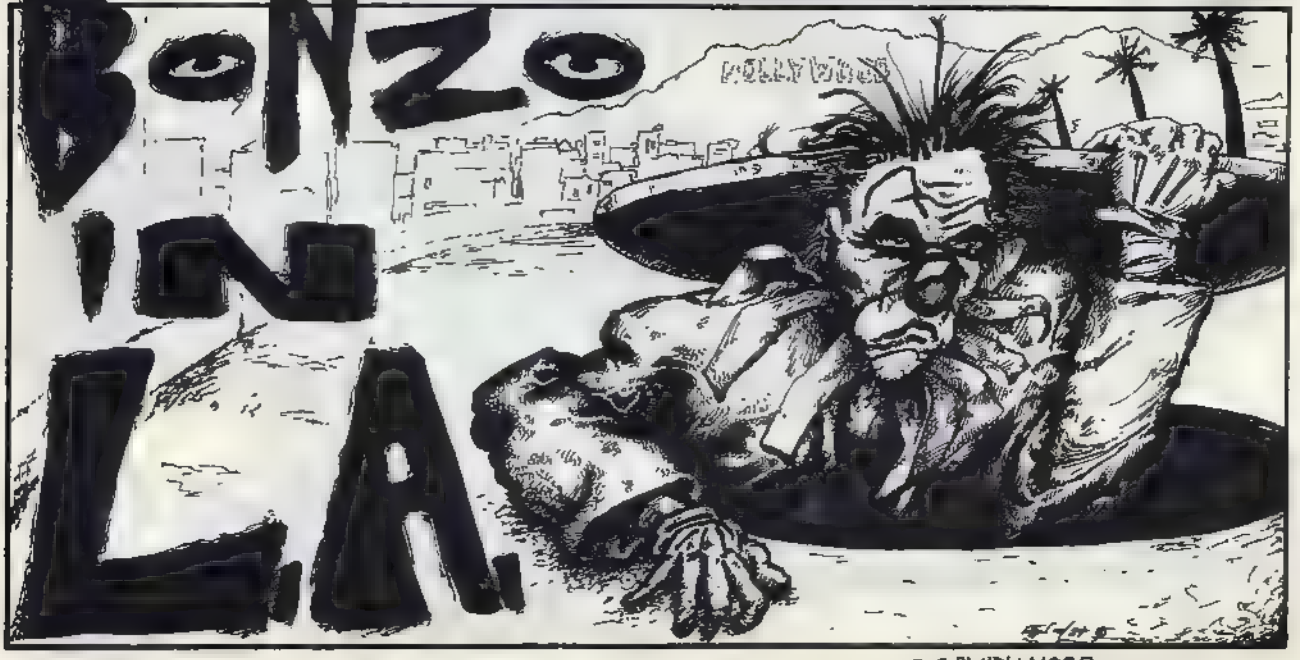


HERE I

HERE I GO

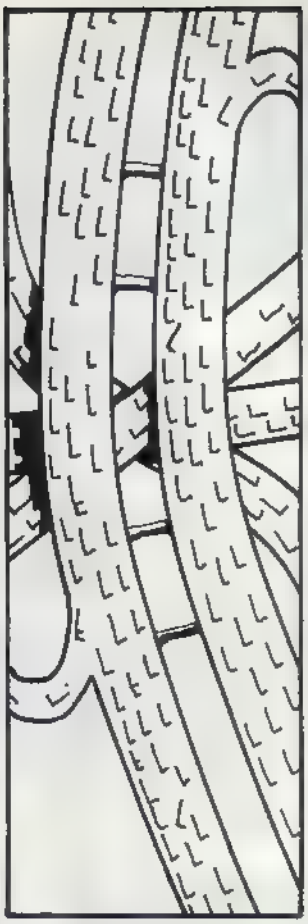
AGAIN





• GAVIN WOOD

SMOG



TRAFFIC

SUNSHINE

SO WHAT

MEET BOB

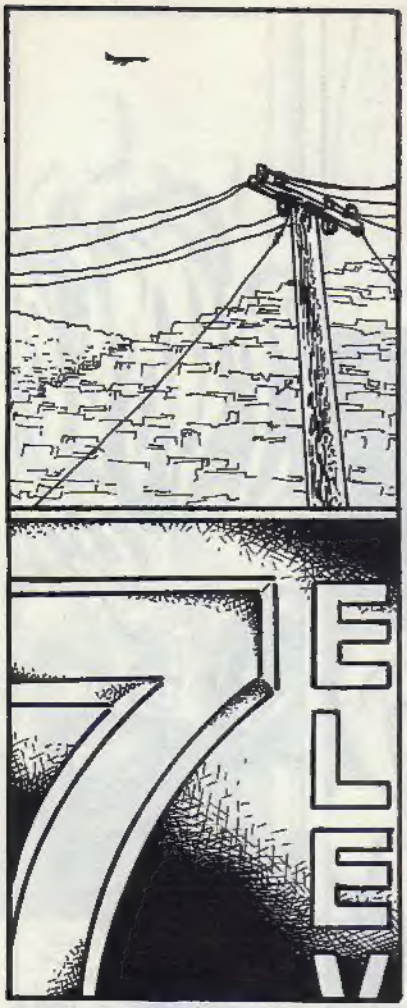
STUCCO

PALM TREES

DISNEYLAND

YUCK

RANDY NEUMAN WHERE ARE YOU, WHEN WE NEED YOU



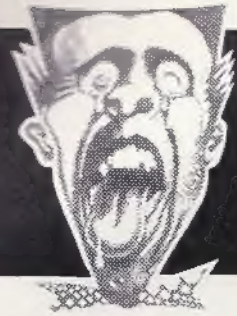
THE VALLEY

HEAVY METAL

BABES

EARTH QUAKES

HOW DO I GET OUTTA HERE



LETTERS TO RIP OFF

Hal Robins

Julie Price
Great Falls, VA

Dear Mr. Rip Off,

You have to get more stuff from this new Chris Harmon guy. He's an excellent artist and writer and has a wonderfully morbid sense of humor. I'd take a "Danger Vacation" with him any day!

You asked for it—check out "A Visit From Uncle Walt" leading off this issue. Chris and his wife (yeah, too bad about that) recently relocated to California from Georgia, where the political climate for underground cartoonists isn't quite so peachy.

Bruce Sweeney
Boston, MA

Dear Kathe,

I just had a chance to flash through **Rip Off No. 23** and it was a very good issue. Not everything works, of course; few editors have a perfect eye for me. Much of No. 23 is on the money, though.

"Lectures of the Space Academy" by Joe Lee was just terrific, for me the highlight of the issue. One certainly can't fault any issue with a fresh Fat Freddy's Cat strip and certainly Larry Todd's story was a great surprise. *(Editor's note: Larry Todd was injured in a fire in early June which consumed his house and everything in it—luckily a considerable quantity of "Rock & Roll Aliens" art happened to be elsewhere so was saved. Rip Off will be publishing a benefit book,* Fire Sale, *in October, featuring art donated by a galaxy of top cartoonists. All proceeds beyond the printing cost will go to Larry, to help him get back on his feet.)*

Trina delivered a **good** 3-pager and Mary Fleener's stuff was also good. Billy the Barbarian was however very weak for me visually and wasn't all that mature; and Gaspetian Meatballs was another weak spot. Joshua Quagmire always struck me as a soft-fantasy artist without much punch.

Nevertheless Rip Off should certainly be commended for giving room to fresh talent. I may not always get enthusiastic about the talent but I'm always enthusiastic about a publication that will add new names and approaches.

Bruce Sweeney is one of Underground Comix' oldest fans and staunchest adherents (catch his reviews column now appearing in the Seattle-based Comics F/X*), so his praise really means something. And thanks, Bruce, for the art which you've generously donated to the* Fire Sale *comic.*

Dan McClintock
Concord, NH

Dear Rip Off,

Well, here's a letter for your mag from a long-time, avid collector of *Rip Off Comix*.

I think one of the best stories of all *Rip Off Comix* I've come across is Mary Fleener's "The Long Way Home." I enjoyed reading it over and over again because I can identify with the mute guy because I'm deaf and I've gone through such a similar experience. I laughed very hard at the story's ending. Great work, Mary!

Another best story I think is R.L. Crabb's "The Green Stuff" (*Rip Off No. 19*). The end made me fuckin' laugh so hard, too! Ol' Crabman did indeed establish an axiom of the druggie world: "Too much is NEVER ENOUGH!" I think the green stuff in question is PCP.

I got many more favorites: The Pizz's "Badass Bust Stories," Crabman's "The Long Arm of the Law," Worden's "Stickboy," "Welz's "The Summer of '87" (in opinion the best of *No. 17*—it's very intriguing and sad), Shelton's "The Pied Piper of Hamelin" (very funny!), Fleener's "Just Another Gig," Lee's "Perchance ta Canasta" (which I award the Weirdest Story of the Year!) and Backwords' satire on the Grateful Dead (which really kills me, man!)—and better of all, *Rip Off No. 20* Special on Religion (I think **all** stories are funny, interesting, intriguing and fascinating!)

I'm an artist myself and hopefully, in a short time, you will see some comics of mine with the unusual brand of satire: deaf humor.

Meanwhile, you folk artists—keep your ink flowin'! Your stories will increase the circulation fer shurrr!

p.s: Note to the Editor—can you please tell me when are the deadlines for submissions for the summer or fall issue? And what are the required measurements of the page for your mag? I just wanna make sure my first submissions will fit in the mag (if they are accepted, that is).

Thanks for expressing your appreciation in such glowing terms, Dan! Considering what the UG comix business pays, we all—cartoonists and publishers both—really need to know that there are people who can get behind what we're doing. About submissions: anybody who's interested in submitting comix for publication in Rip Off *should mail in a request for Artist Guidelines along with a stamped, self-addressed envelope and we'll send you a copy of our handy-dandy information sheet which includes tips on craft as well as information on formats, etc. Since most issues of* Rip Off *are filled weeks before the actual copy deadline, it's best to concentrate on getting your work accepted first, and worry about deadlines later.*

Patric Conroy
Walnut Creek, CA

Dear Rip Off Pressers,

Having recently extricated myself from Willows, located in deepest, darkest No. Cal., the first thng I did was get myself to a comix shop. Imagine my shock and amazement to find that *Rip Off Comix* was back on the shelf. Spending myself willingly into debt, it was wonderful, nay ambrosial, not only to catch up on such "old friends" as the Freak Brothers, but to be introduced to the new generation of artists and their tales. That's what makes it so enjoyable, the unpredictability of the comix and their subject matter. May you keep printing for many more anniversaries.

We hope so too, Patric—and we're glad you appreciate the variety of art in Rip Off. *Though we have our own favorite cartoonists (and some, like Gilbert Shelton, whose work we literally can't get enough of), I feel it's important to give new talent the opportunity to be in print—whether the look is traditional or not.*

—Ed.

FAT FREDDY'S CAT

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